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HARDINSBURG CIRCUIT. Methodist Episcopal Church (South),—Rev. W. W. Lawbert, Pastor. Hardinsburg preach-ing 4th Subbath in each month, at 11 p clock a. m, and at 7 o'clock p. m. Class meeting every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p. m.: Dr. J. M. Taylor, Superin-tendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday

Oakland-Preaching every 4th Sabbath at 3 s'clock p. w. Prayer meeting every Thursday

Mt. Zion-Preaching every 1st Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 16 o'clock a. m.; Dr. R. O. Pulliam,

Buperintendent.

Care Spring—Preaching every 1st Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Where the mill-stream flows.

And as the rustic bridge she crosse So the story goes—
Over the rails she stooped and lost

e'clock s. m., and at night.
Union Star-Preaching overy 3d Sabbath at at 11 o'clock s. m., and at 7o'clock p. m. Sabbeth School every Sunday morning at 91/2 o'clock.: Richard Cox, Superintendent. Class meetings every 1st and 3d Sabbaths. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

CLOVERPORT. Baptist Church, Rev. A. J. Miller, Pastor. -- Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbaths at 11 o'clock a. m., and 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer
meeting every Wednesday night. SundaySchool every Sanday morning at 9 o'clock;
And boldly to the maiden's bower
He block at destination. R. R. Pierce, Superintendent.

Methodist Church (South), Rev. J. L. Edrington, Pastor.—Preaching the 1st and 3d Sabbaths at 11 o'clock a. m., and 7 o'clock p. m. Preaching every 2d and 4th Sab-baths at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Sabbath School every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock. Preaching at Holt's Bottom the 2d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at Liberty the 4th Sab-bath at 11 o clock a. m.

That summer eve, who knows?

Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. B. McDonald, Pastor.—Preaching every 3d and 4th Sabbaths at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Sunday morning at 101 o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday moring at 9 o'clock; Jno. A. Murray, Superintendent.

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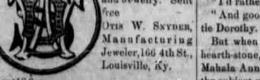
horse around the corner of the village green
when Miss Barbara Bowyer tripped out of
the millinery store.

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## THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

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CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1879.

### The Song.

VOL. III.

"SO THE STORY GOES."

Twas once upon a summer day-So the story goes-The franklin's daughter chanced to stray Where the mill-stream flows,

And as the rustic bridge she crossed-From out her breast a rose

The stream ran fast, the stream ran strong-So the story goes ---

The careless maiden's ro The miller's son stood oy the bank-

So the story goes— He stopped the wheel, and, ere it sank, Caught up the maiden's rose.

He hied at daylight's close

'Is this thy flower, sweetheart?" he cried-So the story goes— The maiden blushed: the maiden sighed

"Oh, give me back my rose." The flowers," he said, "so sweet and fair "-So the story goes—
"Twere shame to part—one breast should bear
Thyself and this red rose."

That summer eve, who knows?
But he kept the flower and won the maid-So the story goes.

## The Story.

#### The Deacon's Experiment.

"I hope the children haven't been any trouble to you, Miss Peck?" said Deacon Grinder, as his one-horse chaise drew up on the green in front of Miss Philena Peck's

Miss Peck hurried out, all smiles, to greet the portly widower.

"The little darlings!" cried she, effusively. "Trouble, indeed! Why, deacon, how you talk! It's a positive pleasure to have em here. I should like to keep them a

The dencon smiled and shook his head, "That would be a little too much," said "Come, children, jump into the wagon." And the three apple-cheeked little Grinders-two girls and a boy-were kissed, and hugged, and lifted into the wagon by the

beaming spinster. "I shall be so lonely when they are gone," said she. "I do so dote on children! Remember, darlings, that the gooseberries will be ripe next week, and that your own Pecky will be only too happy to see you

The widow Clapp came hurrying out, as the charse rattled by, with a tin pail in her hand.

Deeds, Mortgages, etc., and all legal instru-Dear me, Deacon Grinder," said she, you are always in such a hurry. Do stop a minute, can't you? I haven't seen the dear children in an age. Here's a pail of our new honey in the comb. I know the darlings will like it on their bread and butter of an evening. When are they coming to spend the day with me? I declare, Josie is growing a perfect beauty!"

my motto."

my little Joe," said Mrs. Clapp. "And there's Tommy grown as never was, and Dolly's the very picture of you, deacon. Do, pray, all of you drop into tea some evening this week."

BLOOD!! LINDSEY'S BLOOD fusion which naturally belongs to a maiden of six and thirty summer. "but I Pure Blood is the guarantee of health. Read: not help setting myself to work to think it tured my san of Scrofula."—J. E. Brooks, what I could do for you. And here's a colmind I got, a listenin' to your precious re-

But Naomi Poole, sitting at her needle work, by the old red farm-house window, had only a smile and a nod for the party as they drove by:

"Pa," said Josie, who was a shrewd, sallove us as well as Miss Peck, and Mrs.

"I hope so, my child," said the benign deacon.

"She is poor, child-she is poor," the deacon. "But I am sure you all have

"I'd rather have money," said Tommy "And gooseberries and dolls," added lit-

Manufacturing But when the deacon sat alone by Jeweler, 166 4th St., hearth-stone, that evening, his sister, Miss Mahala Ann Grinder, expressed herself on / "I only hope he won't repent of his ba

> "If you've really made up your mind to marry again, Joshua-" said she.
> "I think it would add to my do

felicity," said the deacon, serenely. "In that case," said Miss Mahala And

"Sister," said the deacon, mildly, "you

"No, I ain't," said Miss Mahala Ann.
"If you want't well-to-do in the world, and hadn't a nice home, and a farm, and money out at interest, they wouldn't, none of 'sm, book twice at you

"Tut, tut, Mrs. Clapp!" said the deacon his face shining all over with satisfaction. "'Handsome is that handsome does.' That's

"And nobody can't do handsomer than

The deacon had hardly guided his old horse around the corner of the village green

"I do hope you'll excuse me, Deacon Grinder," said she, with all the pretty conof six-and-thirty summers, "but I was so Is the greatest Blood remedy of the age. Tetter, Scrofulu, Ulecca, Built; Pimples and all edified with your be-yu-tiful remarks in Blace diseases yield to its wonderful powers.

Pure Blood is the guarantee of health. Read: not help setting myself to work to think "It cured my son of Scrofula."—J. E. Brooks,
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sipelas."—Mrs. E. Smeltzer, Lavimors, Pa.
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Cloverport, Ky

what I could do for you. And here s a contact the lar I've stitched for dear Tommy, and a lar I've stitched for dear I've stitched for dear I've stitched for dear I've stitched

low-faced child of eleven, "don't Miss Poole Clapp, and Miss Barbara Bowyer?"

"Why do you ask the question ? "Because she never gives us any thing," said Josie.

Watches, Clocks her good wishes."

the subject with great plainness and perspi- gain," sighed Miss Philena Peck.

'I do hope you'll make a sensible choice and not allow yourself to be imposed upon attracting the attention of the medical men by a pack of solfish widows and scheming

look twice at you." Don't you think so?" said the deacon: cld.

and he pondered the question long and carnestly in his own mind, "Upon the whole," said he, bringing down his palm upon the table, "I ain't sorry that those in-

"What do you mean?" said Miss Mahala Ann, curiously eying him over the top of her spectacles. But the dencon only shook his head and

vestments of mine in the Mariposa Silver

Mining Company have proved a failure."

"Time will show," said he-"time will

The news that Deacon Grinder was wrecked in Mariposa Silver Mining stock flew like wildfire through the peaceful community at Fitchville Four Corners. "Well," said Miss Philena Peck, "I

"He never had no judgment in money matters," said the widow Clapp. "I've thought all along that he was living

oo fast," said Barbara Bowyer. "Those poor little children-what is to ecome of them?" said Naomi Poole, wist-

The next day, the deacon made his ap pearance at Miss Peck's homestead, pale and rather shabby, with a child in each

hand, and one following him. "Miss Peck," said be, "I suppose you

have heard the news?" "Yes," said Miss Peck, looking vinegar and tack-nails. "If it's your failure, as you

mean !" " I think of going to California," said the deacon, "to see what I can do, and if, in the meantime, you could be induced to give

my children a home-" "Oh, dear, no!" said Miss Peck. never could get along with a pack of children! I dare say you could find some half-orphan asylum, or place of that sort,

by inquiring around a little." Miss Peck sat so very upright, and glared so frightfully out of her light-blue eyes at the deacon, that he was fain to beat as rapid

a retreat as possible, He knocked next at the widow Clapp's door. A slip-shod servant-maid opened it

"Is Mrs. Clapp at home?" he asked.

A head was thrust over the stair-railing and the widow's shrill voice cried out: "Is that Joshua Grinder, with his swarm young ones? Tell him I'm particular engaged. Do you hear, Betsy?-particu-

Miss Barbara- Bowyer was arranging rimmed hats and rolls of bright-colored ribbons in her bow-window as the deacon and his little ones entered the shop.

"Miss Bowyer," said the deacon, "you were ever a genial and charitable soul. It is to you that I trust to make a home for av motherless little ones, while I end to retrieve my fortunes in the Far West.

"I couldn't think of such a thing!" said Miss Barbara, dropping a box of artificial rose-buds in her consternation. "And I really think, Deacon Grinder, you haven't no business to expect it of me! It's all I can do to support myself, let alone a pack of unruly children! I dare say the poormas-

ter could do something for 'em, or-" "I thank you," said the deacon, with dignity. "I shall trouble neither you nor him." Well," said Miss Bowyer, with a toss of her head, "you needn't fly into a rage be-

cause a neighbor offers you a bit of good But Naomi Pool ran out to the little garden-gate, as the forlorn deacon went by. "Deacon Grinder," hesitated she, turn-

ng rose-red and white by turns, "is this "About my Mariposa investments? Yes."

"And that you are going to California? "I am talking of it," said the deacon

"Would-could you let me take care of the little ones while you are gone?" said Naomi, tenderly drawing little Dolly to her "I am very fond of children, and I would take the best of care of them. And you have been so kind to my mother and me, Deacon Grinder, that we should feel it a privilege to be able to do some-

thing for you. And poor soft-hearted little Naomi burst out crying.

There was a moisture on the deacon' velashes, too.

"God bless you, Naomi!" said he You're a good girl-a very good girl!"

. . . . . . . . "Ain't it true?" said Miss Philena Peck. "Well," said Mrs. Mopsley, "it is and it ain't. He did lose what he invested in them Maciposa mines, but it was only a thousand dollars, and the rest of his money's all tight and safe in United States

bonds, and solid real estate." "Bless me!" said Barbara Bowyer. "Well, I never!" said the widow Clapp,

with a discomfited countenance. "And," went on Mrs. Mopsley, with evi dent relish in the consternation she was causing, "they are building a new wing to the house, and he is to be married to Naomi Pool in the fall."

"A child like that!" said Mrs. Clap. "With no experience whatever!' said Barbara Bowyer, scornfully.

And Miss Philenn's charitable hopes were fulfilled. The deacon never did repent of his bargain.

A RICHMOND (Va.) letter reports the following remarkable case: A remarkable case of a lady eighty-five years old here is and the accouchers of this city and surrounding country. It is said to be the most remarkable case on record, and I am told without a precedent. The husband of the lady who is attracting so much attention, is about the same age as herself. They have four or five children, all of whom are grown, and the youngest possibly forty or fifty years

Boas are much worn by young girls, The newest bonnets are exceedingly large. Turn-over collars are no longer fashion-

Oriental designs for jewelry are still pop-

Mantel lamberquins are made of macrome

Short sacques are worn only by young girls. Pearl ornaments for the kair are very fashionable.

Preserved butterflies are introduced into floral designs. Cassaquines, or long sacques, are prefer-

ed to wrappers this season. Dress skirts fit closely over the hips, the only fullness being at the back.

Metal buttons are all the style for trimming all kinds of dresses and jackets. Crinoline of small proportions is beginning to make its appearance in Paris.

Plain velvet skirts, short and round, withcharm in case of a snake bite out a single flounce, are very popular. Fur trimming is used for nearly every

thing. Even bonnets are faced with it. Ribbons and flowers are used in abundance for the garniture of evening dresses. A gilded horse-shoe, beautifully painted,

is exceedingly popular as a parlor orna-Muffs of the dress material or of its trim

mings are made by modistes to match cos-A novelty in beautiful ribbons is of plain gros grain, with flowers marked with gold

An unique bonnet is made in the shape of a Persian turban, of cicl-blue satiu and silk, with blue silk tassels at the end of the piece that falls over the back.

There is an effort to do away with basque bodices for young ladies, and to revive the pointed boddices of a few years ago, and also the short, round Josephine bodice. with or without a very wide belt. The round

bodice is called First Empire corsage. The newest hats for young girls in their teens, are of felt, high crowned, with square tops, trimmed with three rows of inch-wide ribbon in bands placed quite far apart around the crown. The brims roll in Derby shape. Other felt hats have a scarf of brown or navy blue satin with white polka

## The Housewife

Clean a brass kettle, before using it for pooking, with salt and vinegar.

The best black ink mixed with the whites of eggs makes a good stove polish. Common shoe-blacking mixed with castor-oil makes a good dressing for ladies'

Lamps will have a less disagreeable smell if you dip your wick-yarn in strong hot vinegar, and dry it.

them as pliable as new. Blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions, and applied to bedsteads.

Kerosene will soften boots or shoes which

s an unfailing bed bug remedy\_ Woolens should be washed in very hot suds and not rinsed. Lukewarm water

To prevent meat from burning, set a cup of water in the oven while baking. It will hours. prevent meats or bread from burning. To utilize frozen apples, place them while

shrinks them. Never iron flannels.

frozen in a covered dish with a little sugar and water, and cook slowly until done. CEMENT FOR CHINA.-Make a thick solution of gum arabic and thicken to right con- in the milk, put it in the oven for about sistency with plaster paris; heat edges of dishes and apply evenly; tie fast together

and they can not be broken or pulled apart. them to boil. FIRE-PROOF CEMENT .- Mix a handful of to a good thickness; spread on plates in the and pour one pint of boiling water over it; shade and it will become hard, but can be two cups of sugar, one of molasses, five of to boun de United States an say de maneasily melted by setting on the stove, and flour, two tenspoonfuls of sodn, fruit, and cerpashun procklymashun back ards by

You can get oil out of any earpet or one hour. woolen stuff by applying dry buckwheat

grease spot, or any liquid of any kind. It is a common practice of cooks, and ofers, to sprinkle salt over meat when just ready to put over the fire. Now, to salt any ment before it is well heated through-or, better still, half cooked-will injure very materially the best ever sold in market, and certainly quite spoil a poor article, no mat-ter whether it is steak, roast, or stew. It will harden the fibers, toughon the meat all through, extract the best part of the juice, make it very injurious to the stomach, and

give no pleasure to the palate. MINUTE LOAP CAKE. - One cup and a half of sugar, half a cup of butter, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, (wo teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of sods.

AUNT MILLY'S CUP CAKE .- Four cups of flour, four eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, a tenspoonful of cream turtur. RAT Poison.—The Germans extirpate rats by furnishing them with cakes made of two parts squills and three parts chopped bacon, and meal enough to make a stiff mass. The cats go away, as any ahimal of taste naturally would if provided with such a meal.

### Fashion Bazar Home Poctor.

In case of lock-jaw, and no physician is is about, take homemade soft soap, diluted in a very little water, and rub upon the parts affected. It is said to be a sure cure.

GURE FOR CORNS .- One measure of coal or gas tar, one of saltpetre, and one of brown sugar; mix well. Take a piece of an old kid glove and spread a plaster on it the size of the corn and apply to the part affected; bind on, and leave for two or three days and then remove, and the corn will come with it. But if you will wenr boots that are long enough you will not be troubled with corns.

An infallible toothache remedy is made of an ounce of alcohol, two drachms cayenne pepper, one ounce kerosene oil. Mix and let stand twenty-four hours. Keep tightly corked to prevent evaporation. This is almost an instantaneous cure.

Carbonate of soda, wet and applied exernally to the bite of a spider, or any venomous creature, will neutralize the poisonous effect almost instantly. It acts like a

Sick headache is the result of eating too much and exerting too little. Nine times out of ten the cause is in the fact that the stomach was not able to digest the food last introduced into it, either from its having been unsuitable or excessive in quantity A diet of bread and butter, with ripe fruits or berries, with moderate, continuous exercise in the open air, sufficient to keep up a gentle perspiration, would cure almost every case in a short time. Two tenspoonfuls of powdered charcoal in half a glass of water and drank, generally gives instant relief. We are inclined to think that the above remedies may do in some, but not in all cases. A sovereign remedy for this discase is not easily found. A correspondent from Connecticut contributes the following on this subject: Sick headache is periodical and is the signal of distress which the stomach puts up to inform us that that there is au over-alkaline condition of its fluids; that it needs a natural acid to restore the battery to its normal working condition. When the first symptoms of headache appear, take a tenspaonful of lemon juice clear, fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same dose at bedtime; follow this up until all symptoms are passed, taking no other remedies, and you will soon be able to go free from your unwelcome nuisance. Many will object to this because the remedy is too simple, but I have made many cures in

### this way. Cooking Hints.

Lard for pastry should be used as hard as it can be cut with a knife. It should be

cut through the flour, not rubbed. STALE BREAD.-It should be broken up. fried slowly in the oven, then grated or pounded in a mortar to coarse powder and kept in wide-mouthed bottles, well corked t will keep a long time in a dry place, and s useful for every dinner in the week, in one way or another, for breading chops, have been hardened by water, and render

utlets, and the like. INDIAN LOAR.-Take one pint of sour nilk, a half pint of sweet milk, one teacupful of molasses, a half teacupful of butter, two tenspoonfuls of salaratus, one large tenspoonful of salt, three eggs, one pint of wheat flour, one quart of yellow Indian meal; bake in a deep tin basin, in an oven of same heat as for cake, for one and a half

good sound potatoes, cut them in slices |class!" (raw), and put the milk, according to the quantity you wish to make, in a padding the colored people?" dish; then, after you have put the potatoes tatoes, with the same milk, into a saucepan keerful wid 'em. De bes' way ar' to go on and let stand till cold, say twenty-four hours, to boil until done; season before you put mil' like an' keep dese norfeners outen de

PORK CAKE .- Three-quarters of a pound quicklime in four ounces linseed oil; boil of salt pork, free from lean, chopped fine, presentid wid a full suit ob close fore Frithen used as common glue; will resist fire. spice to the taste. Bake in a moderate oven hart 'fore de mumf's out !"

PREXCH SLAW .-- To one head of cabbage flour plentifully. Never put water to such a take eight hard-boiled eggs, rub the yelks with ? oup melted butter, 11 tablespoonfuls. of strong mustard, I tablespoonful of salt. ten of those who are called good housekeep- same of black pepper, one teaspoonful sugar. Cut cabbage as fine as you can on a cutter, then cut across with a knife; cut whites of eggs very fine, mix with the yelks, and add vinegar to moisten, like chicken

> ROLL JELLY CARR - Take four eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, a half tenapoonful of soda, pinch of salt; this will make two cakes. Spread thin on tins; as soon as baked turn from the tins, flavor your jelly and spread over the cakes and roll it up immediately, this will not break in rolling; if there is not too much flour in it, it will keep some time and is neknowledged by all who try it to be the best they over anw. ROAST FOWL .- Truss the fowl for roast-

ing, stuff the breast with voal stuffing, and fill the body with chestnuts boiled tender peeled, and roasted; spit it, and put it to roast at a brisk fire; have a dozen more roasted chestnuts peeled, stew them in a pint of gravy, season it with pepper and An experienced housekeeper says the best thing for cleaning tinware is common sods. She gives the following directions: Dampen a cloth and dip in soda and rub the ware brinkly, after which wipe dry. Any black-send ware can be made to look as well as

### Plack Olio.

MARSE JIM'S INTIMIDATION.

HOW OLD BEX TOLD THE STORY IN OPEN COURT. 'Now, then, Mr. Witness." "Yes, sah !" "Go on in your own honest way, And tell to the court and the jury

Of that row on election day. But, first, how long have you known, sir. The prisoner here at the bar?"
De who, sah? De pris'ner? You don't mea Mars' Jim, what's a settin' down dar? Why, I'se kno'd him since fust he cotch br Up yander in Tennesses-

You all kno's be was raised by me!" "Now, tell us about the election fight That you saw that day at the polls, When your Mars' Jim tried by violence

Is dat's what Mars' Jim's 'raigned for ? But, den, yer jess lissen er minnit An I'll tell yer de trufe, now, hency ! Dat ar' leekshun was gwine on fa'rly

An' quiet, an' ord'ly, an' free, When Mars' Jim cum up to de poles dar, Wid de ban's frum de farm an' me. Well, dis lob-side nigger name Bowls, hyar, Wuz kavortin' around in de crowd, An' a-pullin' de voters fus' one side An' de udder, an' talkin' out loud.

When he see'd us he come up a-bulgin' An' passin' his tickets about, An' swearin' as how he could chaw up Enny Dimocrat nigger fotch out! Den I made er remark dat was passin' 'Bout niggers outgrowin' dere pants, An' fixin' dereselbs ter be worfless Heaharterwards—'ceptin' fer ha'nts! Den Bowls retch'd round fer his razer,

A-lowin' he'd kyarre my ole hart— But Mars' Jim slipp'd in dar betwix' us Au' push'd me an' Bowls bofe spart. Den he fotch Bowls a lick in de lef' eye Dat shot hit up tighter dan wax:
Den he peel'd him up dar on de temple
An' bluddied his noze wid two whacks;
Den he planted de toe ob his boot, sab, Whar Bowls's cont-tails orter bin.

An' Bowls spun roun' in dat roundabout Like er boy's whirlergig in the win'! 'Den eb'ry one dar gib a cheer, sah, An' sed dat hit sarv'd dis Bowls right, An' hit tickl'd de darkies ter death, mos' 'Kase Mars' Jim fit de ele man's fight! lut, den, dat's Mars' Jim, fer de world, sah-Jess de same sense de wah ez befo'in' whoebber cums foolin' along o' his han's Is gwine to git hurted, now, sho

'Now, dat is de trufe-an' Bowls knows hit! An' could tell hit ex plane, sah, ex me— An' you's got de rong man in de box, dar, Ex I hopes dat de jury'll see!
An' if dat was attemp' ter insimerdate.
Hit's a pow'rful winnin'some way—
'Kaze de man dat Mars' Jim wux a-bac'tin'

How NEGRO EDUCATION MUST PROCEED. After a long ramble through the exchanges took the apple, and-ate it. Old Si gathered up his bundle for Sunday eading and prepared to go. By de way," said he, "I sees in dese

We niggers elected dat day!"

ver in de Souf ez de means ter de 'publikan party!" "Yes, they are working upon that idea "Well, dey better 'tond ter dere own eddi kashun, 'kase de nigger ar' gitting 'bout all de larnin' he kin konvenyuntly tote now! De 'fecks ob book-nollidge on dis breed ob

darkies ain't payin' de biggest sort o' dividends on de enves ment!" "Why do you think so?" "De fack ar' plane, et yer only kin see hit rite! Now, look at dese little niggersebery one ob dem dat's big 'nuf ter tote a primer kin out cuss er hoss trader enny day.

ter de dry-goods sto' !"

Those are exceptions to the rule, perob court. Den de big niggers-all de eddigreenback. Soon ez he gits dat he feels will break your other leg. too, won't you? Loxo Branch Milk Potavors.-Take like he done gradjorated at de head of his Then I can get a thousand pounds when I

Then you are against the education of

"Oh, no: dey orter be larnt, but yer got ter go slow wid 'em. Dey's new ground an' twenty minutes; then take out and put po- yer's got to plow deep and sow moughty biziness. De minit one ob dem walzes inter er nigger skule hous' he specks ter be day nite an' looks fer er six year-ole darkey

"Then you want education to regulate

itself ?" "Dat's bout hit! Ef dey's so fulanfropick instanced stage-drivers, whose memory of az dey sez, let 'em jess sen' down de money the orders and directions given them is rean' keep dereselfs outen de ring. Wheneber markable. He once rode outside with the eddikashun ar fix'd so dat hit jess sokes owner and driver of a stage. The driver inter de nigger uncher'ly he'll gin to blos- could not have had less than fifty parcels om out rite, but dis fo'ce puttin' ar' boun' and messages to deliver by the way. But ter makes leeves wither when he gits out in he was at loss; he knew he had forgotten de wurl'! Eddikashun, yer mought er no- one parcel, but "ding him if he could retie'd, don't cum ter a nigger on de light- member what it was." At length the stage nin' spress trane !"

curtain was rung down.

THE Dallas (Tex.) Commercial is respon sible for this: Intelligent and responsible missing parcel. parties in this city say that about nine o'clock yesterday morning there was plainy visible in the northern heavens what ap- car fresh as a daisy, and Mr. Nosengale peared to be a reflection of the sun. It ap- badly blown, and the distance pole net a peared at an angle of about sixty-five degrees above the horizon, was just about the to a distant but fleet-limbed boy, " Certainsize of the moon when at Its full, and shone ly!" shricked back the obliging boy. "What with the dazzling glare of a mirror when shall I stop it with ?" "Tell it to hold on!" reflecting the sun's rays. It continued ap- shouted the abandoned passenger. "Hold parently stationary for some time, disappeared and then appeared again. Altogether, counting both appearances, it was visible for the full space of half an bour.

If you wish to clarify sugar and water that you are about to boil, it is well to stir in the white of an egg, while cold; if put in after it boils, the egg is apt to get hard-

### Mit and Jest.

Women," quoth Jones, " are the salad of life-

At once a boon and a blessing."
"In one way they're saind, indeed," replied
Brown—
"They take so much time in their dressing.

Doctor Holmes says that crying widows marry first. There's nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

"Keep your patients alive," said an old doctor to a graduating class of students, "Dend men pay no bills!"

The youngster who was sent away from the table just as the pastry came on, went sadly up stairs, singing: "Good-bye, sweet tart-good-bye!"

As they passed a gentleman whose optics were terribly on the bins, little Dot murmured: "Ma, he's got one eye that don't go!" Who bath woe? Who hath sorrow? Well,

that Nevada man who traded a mule for a

wife feels about as red around the eyes as This is just the kind of weather that puzzles a man as to the propriety of taking his umbrella. The propriety of taking somebody else's umbrella seems to be less puz-

zling. "I hope this is not counterfeit," said a lover, as he was toying with his sweetheart's hand. "The best way you can find out is to ring it!" was her quick reply.

Please take notice that you never read of a breach of promise suit in which the mother doesn't seem to know much more about the case than the girl. Keyholes were not made in vain

"Is this air-tight?" inquired a man in a hardware store, as he examined a stove. No. sir," replied the clerk; "air never geta tight." He lost a customer. We are surrounded by dangers, from the cradle to the grave; and the only wonder,

as an Irishman says, is that after making

our first appearance in the former, we should ever succeed in living long enough to reach the latter. It is a singular coincidence that whenever there is a pigeon shot or a horse trot in the vicinity, the notices on the doors indicate that all the lawyers are out of town try-

"Young man," said a minister to a youth of his congregation, "do you know what relations you sustain in the world?" "Yes, sir; two consins and a grandmother. But I do not intend to sustain them much longer." A Western politician gave this advice to

his son-in-law, who was nominated for of-

fice: "Lean a little toward every thing,

and commit yourself to nothing. Be round

ing causes.

-perfectly round, like a bottle, and just dark enough so that nobody can see what's in ve. Lady (giving an apple to a little boy)--Give this apple to the one of us three here whom you think the handsomest." The loy

looked for a moment at all three ladies,

"Anything new or fresh this morning?"

a reporter asked in a railroad office. "Yes." replied the lone occupant of the apartment, publikan papers from de Norf er mon'strous "What is it?" queried the reporter, whipheap o' ritin' 'bout de eddikashun ob de nig- ping out his note-book. Said the railroad man, edging toward the door: "That paint you're leaning against." Not long since a gentleman was watching the process of packing some hundreds of wooden legs for exportation for the future

benefit of the gallant soldiers of the Sultan.

'Ah," quoth the moralizer, "these pieces

of timber are but so many eloquent pro-

tests against the horrors of warfare!" "Exactly," said a bystander-"stump-A celebrated pianist, who had two daughters, one nineteen and the other eight years No sooner does dey larn to han'l er pen dan old, lost his leg by a railroad accident. dey goes ter forgerint ob somebody's name Some time afterward his brother-artists got up a subscription and a grand benefit, which realized a thousand pounds. This large sum he settled on the eldest daughter, who was engaged to be married. A few days afde cepshuns is in de merjority ebery term ter the wedding his little daughter came into his room, and, after he had played a litkashun dey wants are 'nuff to read de names the while with her, much to his surprise he on er 'leckshun ticket an' de figgers on er heard her say : " Papa, when I get big, you

> get married." A Pittsburg wife informed her husband the other morning, that she was working herself into the grave for the want of a hired girl, and as he went out she leaned back and fell to weeping. The children were making a noise in the hall as he passed, and he called out: "You must stop this racket! Your mother won't live a week, and when you get a stepmother here, next spring, she won't put up with any such fooling." When he went home to dinner, his wife met him with a smile, and said : " Isn't ours a cozy home, Richard, with only our own little family to look after?"

arrived at his own door, when his children The lecture thus wisely concluded, the came rushing out with a "Welcome home, pa; but, oh, where did you leave ma? May I be teetotally scorched," said he, "if I hain't forgot Sal!" That was the "Stop that car !" eried old Mr. Nosengale,

chasing a flying car up Division Street, the

A Mr. Coyle, in a lecture on memory,

minute away. "Stop that car!" he shouted on to what?" yelled the boy. "Make it wait for me!" puffed Mr. Nosengale, "You've got too much weight now!" said the boy. "That's what's the trouble with you." "Call the driver!" gasped the perspiring citizen. And as the car room the corner and passed out of sight, the mocking echoes of the obliging answer shall I call him?"

